



A N
E L E G Y
O N
That Illustrious and High - Born
PRINCE RUPERT,
Who Dyed on *Wednesday November the 29th.*

Farewell, thou Bravest of the Great, Farewell,
When Fame shall thy Unbiaſt Virtues tell;
Thy Match no Hiſtory ſhall ever find,
Thou Universal Favourite of Mankind;
Whiſt Factions Boil, whiſt Bandyng Parties claſh,
And meeting Tydes their angry Billows daſh,
Whiſt Heat meets Heat, and thwarting Ferments Reign,
Rupert alone, firm to Truths Golden mean
Held his, even Souls miraculous Ballance right,
The Countries Darling, yet the Courts delight;
Honour in Thee, united all Her Charms,
In glories Race, in Battle and in Arms;
No fiercer Fires e're fill'd a Heroes Breſt,
In Peace thy mind a perfect *Halcyon* Neſt,
Where Manly Virtue kept Her Princely Throne,
Yet ſo retir'd as if Her State were gone:
A mind ſo firm, all irregular Heat,
The reſtleſs Burning Feavour of the Great;
A mind where all Perfections mixt ſo well,
The equal Glory of a Camp or Cell.

When future Ages ſhall with Honour tell
Things Diſmall, that black Maſter-piece of Hell,
The Royal Martyrs Wound, a Blow ſo great,
Poſterity ſhall ſtart but to repeat:
In the ſad Tale, Great *Rupert's* Deeds ſhall come,
And bloſſom on his Sacred Maſters Tomb.

No hand more Active, and no ſharper Sword,
The Throats of *Englands* Rebel *Hydra* gor'd;
And if in that loſt day, when Fates dire Blow,
Had deſtin'd Truth and Loyalties overthrow;
Inch' Universal wrack, Great *Rupert* ſunk,
Whiſt ſtarting Fortune from his Bannors ſhrunk;
His Courage only ſwel'd his Sails too High,
Till his great Soul onſet his Victory:
Our *English* Hannibal, like him, alone
By his unmannag'd Conqueſts overthrow'n.

Whiſt that mad Chandteer, with fury hurl'd,
Ambition drives the *Jehues* of the World;
Whiſt Enſignes fly, Drums beat, and Trumpets ſound,
Or Conquering Heroes are with *Lawrells* Crown'd,
Fames deathleſs Book ſhall keep in Leaves of Braſs,
Proud *Rupert's* Name enroul'd till Times laſt Glaſs:
Nor is thy Memory here only Crown'd,
But lives in Arts, as well as Arms renown'd;
Thou Prideleſs Thunderer, that ſtoop'd ſo low,
To force the very Bolts thy Arme ſhould throw,
Whiſt the ſame Eyes Great *Rupert* did admire
Shining in Fields, and ſooty at the Fire:
Perceiving thee advanced in Fields and Arms ſo far
At once the *Mars* and *Vulcan* of the VVar,
Till Dancing *Cyclops* ſhall thy praiſe repeat,
And on their Anvils thy tun'd Glorys Beat.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.